

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### I'M FOND OF DAD

#### Chapter LXXXIII.

When Dick came out of his father's sick room I could see he was very much worried. I stole up to him and slipped my hand into his.

"He's pretty sick," was his assertion. "Did the doctor say anything definite?"

"He was very serious this morning, but when he came this afternoon he was more encouraged.

"I really think we ought to send for brother John," continued Dick.

"Let's wait until after the doctor comes to night," I advised.

"Dick, mother wants to see you," said Mollie, and Dick, dragging me with him, went up to her room.

Poor Mrs. Waverly looked perfectly miserable. Her scant gray hair was mussed all about her face and her bed was much disturbed by her restlessness.

She seemed disappointed to see me with Dick. (Some way it really seems very hard for Mrs. Waverly to accept me as one of the family.)

"Did Mollie tell you, Dick, I wanted to see you privately?" she asked. This annoyed Dick very much and, putting his arm about me, he said: "Well, here I am."

Mrs. Waverly is not a stupid woman, but she is a very stubborn one. I know she understood Dick's intimation that he and I were one, but she would not be guided by it.

"I want to say something to you alone," she said.

"Surely, mother," said Dick, very much exasperated, "you have nothing to say to me that Margie might not hear."

"Let me go, Dick," I said. "If your mother wants to talk with you alone she don't want me hanging around. After she gets through I'll come back and get her ready for the night if she'll let me."

Mrs. Waverly gave me a grateful

glance and said: "I can see you understand, dear, and I thank you. Come back and fix me up in about fifteen minutes."

I can readily see that there are some things that mothers want to talk over with their sons that they do not always want daughters-in-law to hear.

I went downstairs into Dad's room. He was awake and whispered, for he was very weak: "Come over here, Margie."

I looked at the nurse and she nodded her head.

I reached over and kissed him.

Poor old Dad! I have loved him from the first moment I set eyes upon him. I know he is very gruff at times, but he has always made a great hit with me ever since the time when he took both my hands in his and looked me over rather searchingly as Dick said: "Father, this is Margaret."

After a moment's silence his father said, with that same crooked smile that I love so much in Dick: "Well, Margaret, you remind me of the cheese we used to make in my boyhood—you will be better as you grow older."

I could tell that Dick was holding his breath to see how I would take it and he drew a long sigh of relief as I answered, demurely, looking at his father straight in the eye: "I'm mighty glad you have hopes, sir."

From that moment we were friends.

Poor old Dad! He certainly looked as though he were "struck with death," and I, selfish thing that I was, began to speculate whether, if he should die, Dick's mother would think that we must come and live with them.

"Oh, dear! I hope not," I said to myself just as Dad said to me: "We'll fool 'em yet, daughter; I'm feeling better and I'm going to get well."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)